

RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Polite Literature;

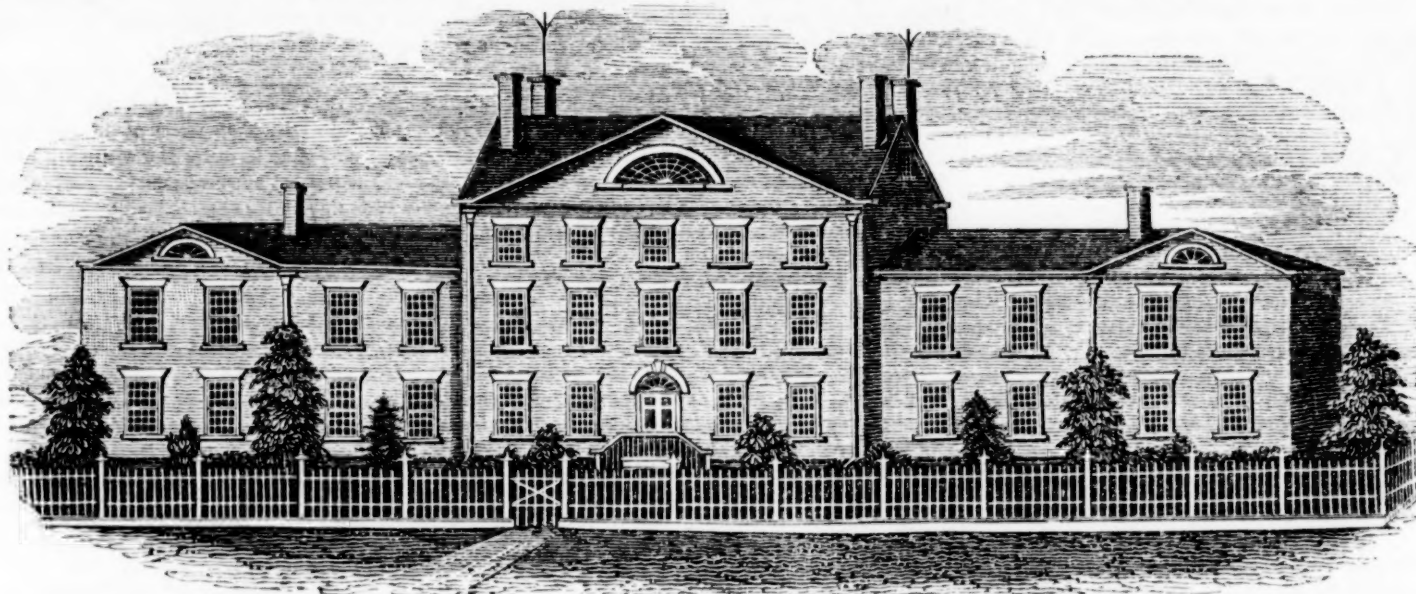
Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

VOLUME XVII.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1841.

NUMBER 20.

HUDSON LUNATIC ASYLUM.



We have the gratification with this number of furnishing our subscribers with a correct plate of the institution established by Docts. S. & G. H. Wurre, in this city in 1839, since which it has been in successful operation, and from whom we have received the following condensed report up to January 1st, 1841.

The Hudson Lunatic Asylum is located on a rise of ground on the northern border of the city, fronting on Fourth-street, and directly opposite the Court House. It commands an extensive prospect of the Hudson river, the Catskill mountains and the surrounding country. From the front windows you can look down the avenue into the principal business street of the city, a view of which serves often to divert the maniac and cheer the melancholic. The building is surrounded by cultivated gardens and extensive airing grounds, where the inmates can exercise and be diverted by games of ball, quoits, &c. while others are occupied in gardening, &c.

The principal edifice is of stone, 120 feet front, and is admirably adapted for the security, comfort and proper management of about sixty patients.

Upon entering this retreat for the afflicted, instead of the shrieks of the maniac or the clanking of chains, which is usually associated with an Asylum for the insane, the ear is greeted with the notes of the piano, the cheerful conversation of the inmates engaged in backgammon, checkers, chess and other amusements. Others are occupied with sewing, knitting, reading the newspapers, periodicals, or books from a library, which is devoted entirely to the use of the institution.

The first story of the centre building is divided into a reception room, parlors and a dining room.

The basement of the entire building is appropriated to culinary purposes, the use of the laundress, bathing rooms and a workshop for the diversion of the patients. The second and third stories of the centre building and the wings are devoted to the use of the patients and their attendants. The males occupy the eastern and the females the western portion of the building. At night each patient has a separate apartment, which is neatly fitted up with a bedstead with an elastic bottom, hair mattresses suitably guarded with every necessary appendage; the windows rendered secure by a neatly constructed iron sash, painted white to give a cheerful aspect within and without. Every room is also thoroughly ventilated and warmed without exposure. Those who conduct themselves with propriety have the privilege of the parlor, where they are protected by the watchful eye of the attendants. The sexes being permitted to meet in this room, and at the table with the Superintendent and his family, operates as an incentive to good behavior.

In pleasant weather they are provided with a carriage, and accompanied by a careful attendant, ride several miles into a country, which for beauty and variety of scenery is no where surpassed. In the evening they are assembled in the parlor for family worship, which is attended with the utmost propriety, and always with beneficial effects.

Separated from the main building are outwards, for the noisy and turbulent class. They are sufficiently remote to prevent the convalescing from being annoyed. When they become calm, they are gradually advanced and encouraged, until health and reason are restored, and the

patient returns to his family and the society of his friends. As few restraints are employed as comport with their safety. Though often brought in chains or a strait jacket, these are at once discarded and sent away as incompatible with successful treatment. Nothing so readily secures the confidence of the patient or renders them more tractable in their subsequent management. Whatever means may have been employed by the friends in conveying the patient quietly to the Asylum, they are always requested to explain to them fully the object of their detention. In contracts for the support and medical treatment of the patients, (and in no case are they admitted for a less term than one quarter,) payments are required quarterly in advance.

Ten years and a half have now elapsed since this institution was opened, and during that time 593 patients have been admitted and placed under the most approved plan of treatment, as the result will show. It has also been satisfactorily demonstrated in this as well as in other Asylums that the prospect of cure is the greatest where the case has been of short duration; for instance, about 9 out of 10 cases recover, when brought to this Asylum within three or four months after insanity has developed itself. Not only recent cases but those of long standing, even those arising from old age, &c. have been received. It is well known as one of the peculiar characteristics of insanity, that the patient imagines all of his friends and family conspire to destroy or injure him in person, property or character—hence the disadvantage of too early visits from friends. When removed from home and placed among new scenes and associations, they are not only made

more comfortable, but oftentimes even the chronic are restored to society in health of mind and body.

There has been placed here also, every year several who had become the victims of Intemperance, and although anxious to be reformed, were unable to resist the temptation when exposed; but here it is at once withheld. In a short time the stomach recovers its healthy action, and by observing the rule of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, they are soon restored and become useful members of society.

Although in the above number are included the recent and old cases, many of them incurables, yet of the 467 who have been removed, 230 recovered, and most of the others were much improved—many of whom were removed too early. During the year 1840, eighty-four patients have been under their care, to wit:

Recent cases,	25
Chronic do.	51
Intemperate,	5
	—
	81

Of the recent cases that were removed during the year, 14 recovered, 2 improved, 2 died,	18
Of the chronic cases removed, 7 recovered, 10 much improved, 5 improved, 2 stationary, 3 died,	27
Of the intemperate removed, 1 reformed, 2 un-reformed, (too early removed,)	3
Remaining under treatment, Jan. 1, 1841,	36
	—
	81

SELECT TALES.

THE PRIZE TALE.

MRS. WASHINGTON POTTS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

BROMLEY CHESTON, an officer in the United States Navy, had just returned from a three years' cruise in the Mediterranean. His ship came into New-York; and after he had spent a week with a sister that was married in Boston, he could not resist his inclination to pay a visit to his maternal aunt, who had resided since her widowhood at one of the small towns on the banks of the Delaware.

The husband of Mrs. Marsden had not lived long enough to make his fortune, and it was his last injunction that she should retire with her daughter to the country, or at least to a country town. He feared that if she remained in Philadelphia, she would have too many temptations to exercise her taste for unnecessary expense; and that, in consequence, the very moderate income, which was all he was able to leave her, would soon be found insufficient to supply her with comforts.

We will not venture to say that duty to his aunt Marsden was the young lieutenant's only incentive to this visit; as she had a beautiful daughter about eighteen, for whom, since her earliest childhood, Bromley Cheston had felt something a little more vivid than the usual degree of regard that boys think sufficient for their cousins. His family had formerly lived in Philadelphia, and till he went into the navy, Bromley and Albina were in habits of daily intercourse. Afterwards, on returning from sea,

he always as soon as he set his foot on American ground, began to devise means of seeing his pretty cousin, however short the time and however great the distance. And it was in meditation on Albina's beauty and sprightliness that he had often "while sailing on the midnight deep," beguiled the long hours of the watch, and thus rendered more tolerable that dreariest part of a seaman's duty.

On arriving at the village, Lieutenant Cheston immediately established his quarters at the hotel, fearing that to become an inmate of his aunt's house might cause her some inconvenience. Though he had performed the whole journey in a steamboat, he could not refrain from changing his waistcoat, brushing his coat sleeves, brushing his hat, brushing his hair, and altering the tie of his cravat. Though he had "never told his love," it cannot be said that concealment had "preyed on his damask cheek;" the only change in that damask having been effected by the sun and wind of the ocean.

Mrs. Marsden lived in a small, modest-looking white house, with a green door and green venetian shutters. In early summer the porch was canopied and perfumed with honey-suckle, and the windows with roses. In front was a flower garden, redolent of sweetness and beauty; behind was a well-stored potager, and a flourishing little orchard. The windows were amply shaded by the light and graceful foliage of some beautiful locust-trees.

"What a lovely spot!" exclaimed Cheston,—and innocence—modesty—candor—contentment—peace—simple pleasures—intellectual enjoyments—and various other delightful ideas chased each other rapidly through his mind.

When he knocked at the door, it was opened by a black girl named Drusa, who had been brought up in the family, and whose delight on seeing him was so great that she could scarcely find it in her heart to tell him that "the ladies were both out, or at least partly out." Cheston, however, more than suspected that they were wholly at home, for he saw his aunt peeping over the banisters, and had a glimpse of his cousin flitting into the back parlor; and besides, the whole domicile was evidently in some great commotion, strongly resembling that horror of all men, a house-cleaning. The carpets had been removed, and the hall was filled with the parlor-chairs; half of them being turned bottom upwards on the others, with looking-glasses and pictures leaning against them; and he knew that, on such occasions, the ladies of a family in middle life are never among the missing.

"Go and give Lieutenant Cheston's compliments to your ladies," said he, "and let them know he is waiting to see them."

Mrs. Marsden now ran down stairs in a wrapper and morning cap, and gave her nephew a very cordial reception. "Our house is just now in such confusion," said she, "that I have no place to invite you to sit down in except the back porch." And there they accordingly took their seats.

"Do not suppose," continued Mrs. Marsden, "that we are cleaning house: but we are going to have a party to-night, and therefore you are most fortunate in your arrival, for I think I can

promise you a very pleasant evening. We have sent invitations to all the most genteel families within seven miles, and I can assure you there was a great deal of trouble in getting the notes conveyed. We have also asked a number of strangers from the city, who happened to be boarding in the village; we called on them for that purpose. If all that are invited were to come, we should have a complete squeeze; but unluckily we have received an unusual number of regrets, and some have as yet returned no answers. However, we are sure of Mrs. Washington Potts." "I see," said Cheston, "you are having your parlors prepared."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Marsden, "we could not possibly have a party with that old-fashioned paper on the walls, and we sent to the city a week ago for a man to come and bring with him some of the newest patterns; but he never made appearance until last night, after we had entirely given him up, and after we had the rooms put in complete order in other respects. But he says, as the parlors are very small, he can easily put on the new paper before evening; so we thought it better to take up the carpets, and take down the curtains, and undo all that we done yesterday, rather than the walls should look old-fashioned. I *did* intend having them painted, which would of course be much better, only that there was no time to get that done before the party, so we must defer the painting now for three or four years, till this new paper has grown old."

"But where is Albina?" asked Cheston.

"The truth is," answered Mrs. Marsden, "she is very busy making cakes; as in this place we can buy none that are fit for a party. Luckily Albina is very clever at all such things, having been a pupil of Mrs. Goodfellow. But there is certainly a good deal of trouble in getting up a party in the country."

Just then the black girl, Drusa, made her appearance, and said to Mrs. Marsden, "I've been for that there bean you call wannilla, and Mr. Brown says he never heard of such a thing."

"A man that keeps so large a store has no right to be so ignorant," remarked Mrs. Marsden. "Then, Drusa, we must flavor the ice-cream with lemon."

"There a'n't no more lemons to be had," said the girl, "and we've just barely enough for the lemonade."

"Then some of the lemons must be taken for the ice-cream," replied Mrs. Marsden, "and we must make out the lemonade with cream of tartar."

"I forgot to tell you," said Drusa, "that Mrs. Jones says she can't spare no more cream, upon no account."

"How vexations!" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden. "I wish we had two cows of our own—one is not sufficient when we are about giving a party. Drusa, we must make out the ice-cream by thickening some milk with eggs."

"Eggs are scarce," replied the girl; "Miss Albina uses up so many for the cakes."

"She must spare some eggs from the cakes," said Mrs. Marsden, "and make out the cakes by adding a little pearlash. Go directly and tell her so."

Cheston, though by no means *au fait* to the mysteries of confectionary, could not help smiling at all this making out.

"Really," said his aunt, "these things are very annoying. And as this party is given to Mrs. Washington Potts, it is extremely desirable that nothing should fail. There is no such thing now as having company, unless we can receive and entertain them in a certain style."

"I perfectly remember," said Cheston, "the last party at which I was present in your house. I was then a midshipman, and it was just before I sailed on my first cruise to the Pacific. I spent a delightful evening."

"Yes I recollect that night," replied Mrs. Marsden. "In those days it was not necessary for us to support a certain style, and parties were then very simple things, except among people of the first rank. It was thought sufficient to have two or three baskets of substantial cakes at tea, some almonds, raisins, apples and oranges handed round afterwards, with wine and cordial, and then a large-sized pound-cake at the last. The company assembled at seven o'clock, and generally walked; for the ladies' dresses were only plain white muslin. We invited but as many as could be accommodated with seats. The young people played at forfeits, and sung English and Scotch songs, and at the close of the evening danced to the piano. How Mrs. Washington Potts would be shocked if she was to find herself at one of those obsolete parties!"

"The calf-jelly won't be clear," said the black girl, again making her appearance. "Aunt Katy has strained it five times over through the flannel bag."

"Go then, and tell her to strain it five-and-twenty times," said Mrs. Marsden, angrily; "it must and shall be clear. Nothing is more vulgar, than cloudy jelly. Mrs. Washington Potts will not touch it unless it is transparent as amber."

"What, Nong-tong-paw again?" said Cheston. "Now do tell me who is Mrs. Washington Potts?"

"Is it possible you have not heard of her?" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden.

"Indeed I have not," replied Cheston. "You forget that for several years I have been cruising on classic ground, and I can assure you that the name of Washington Potts has not yet reached the shores of the Mediterranean."

"She is wife to a gentleman that has made a fortune in New Orleans," pursued Mrs. Marsden. "They came last winter to live in Philadelphia, having first visited London and Paris. During the warm weather they took lodgings in this village, and we have become quite intimate. So we have concluded to give them a party, previous to their return to Philadelphia, which is to take place immediately. She is a charming woman, though she certainly makes strange mistakes in talking. You have no idea how sociable she is, at least since she returned our call; which, to be sure, was not till the end of a week; and Albina and I had set up in full dress to receive her for no less than five days: that is, from twelve o'clock till three. At last she came, and it would have surprised you to see how affably she behaved to us."

"Not at all," said Cheston: "I should not

have expected that she would have treated you rudely."

"She really," continued Mrs. Marsden, "grew quite intimate before her visit was over, and took our hands at parting. And as she went out through the garden, she stopped to admire Albina's moss-roses: so we could do no less than to give her all that were blown. From that day she has always sent to us when she wants flowers."

"No doubt of it," said Cheston.

"You cannot imagine," pursued Mrs. Marsden, "on what a familiar footing we are. She has a high opinion of Albina's taste, and often gets her to make up caps and do other little things for her. When any of her children are sick, she never sends any where else for currant-jelly or preserves. Albina makes gingerbread for them every Saturday. During the holidays she frequently sent her three boys to spend the day with us. There is the very place in the railing where Randolph broke out a stick to whip Jefferson with, because Jefferson had thrown in his face a hot baked apple which the mischievous little rogue had stolen out of Old Katy's oven."

In the mean time, Albina had taken off the brown holland bib apron which she had worn all day in the kitchen, and telling the cook to watch carefully the plumb-cake that was baking, she hastened to her room by a back staircase, and proceeded to take the pins out of her hair; for where is the young lady that on any emergency whatever, would appear before a young gentleman with her hair pinned up? Though, just now, the opening out of her curls was a considerable inconvenience to Albina, as she had bestowed much time and pains on putting them up for the evening.

Finally she came down "in prime array," and Cheston who had left her a school-girl found her now grown to womanhood, and more beautiful than ever. Still he could not forbear reproving her for treating him so much as a stranger, and not coming to him at once in her morning dress.

"Mrs. Washington Potts," said Albina, "is of opinion that a young lady should never be seen in dishabille by a gentleman."

Cheston now found it very difficult to hear the name of Mrs. Potts with patience. "Albina," thought he, "is bewitched as well as her mother."

He spoke of his cruise in the Mediterranean, and Albina told him she had seen a beautiful view of the Bay of Naples, in a souvenir belonging to Mrs. Washington Potts.

"I have brought with me some sketches of Mediterranean scenery," pursued Cheston.

"You know I draw a little. I promise myself great pleasure in showing and explaining them to you."

"Oh! do send them this afternoon," exclaimed Albina. "They will be the very things for the centre table. I dare say the Montagues will recognize some of the places they have seen in Italy, for they have travelled over all the south of Europe."

"And who are the Montagues?" inquired Cheston.

"They are a very elegant English family," answered Mrs. Marsden, "cousins in some way to several noblemen."

"Perhaps so," said Cheston.

"Albina met with them at the lodgings of Mrs. Washington Potts," pursued Mrs. Marsden—"where they have been staying a week for the benefit of country air; and so she enclosed her card, and sent them invitations to her party. They have as yet returned no answer; but that is no proof that they will not come, for perhaps it may be the newest fashion in England not to answer notes."

"You know the English are a very peculiar people," remarked Albina.

"And what other lions have you provided?" said Cheston.

"Oh! no others except a poet," replied Albina. "Have you never heard of Bewly Garvin Gandy?"

"Never!" answered Cheston. "Is that all one name?"

"Nonsense!" replied Albina; "you know that poets generally have three names. B. G. G. was formerly Mr. Gandy's signature, when he wrote only for the newspapers, but now since he has come out in the magazines and annuals, and published his great poem of the World of Sorrow, he gives his name at full length. He has tried law, physic and divinity, and has resigned all for the Muses. He is a great favorite with Mrs. Washington Potts."

"And now, Albina," said Cheston, "as I know you can have but little leisure to-day, I will only detain you while you indulge me with 'Auld Lang Syne':—I see the piano has been moved out into the porch."

"Yes," said Mrs. Marsden, "on account of the parlor papering."

"Oh! Bromley Cheston!" exclaimed Albina, "do not ask me to play any of those antedelluvian Scotch songs. Mrs. Washington Potts cannot tolerate any thing but Italian."

Cheston, who had no taste for Italian, immediately took his hat, and apologizing for the length of his stay, was going away with the thought that Albina had much deteriorated in growing up.

"We shall see you this evening without the ceremony of a further invitation?" said Albina.

"Of course," replied Cheston.

"I quite long to introduce you to Mrs. Washington Potts," said Mrs. Marsden.

"What simpletons these women are," thought Cheston, as he hastily turned to depart.

"The big plumb cake's burnt to a coal," said Drusa putting her head out of the kitchen door.

Both the ladies were off in an instant to the scene of disaster. And Cheston returned to his hotel, thinking of Mrs. Potts, (whom he had made up his mind to dislike,) of the old adage that evil communications corrupt good manners, and of all the most irresistible contagion of folly and vanity. "I am disappointed in Albina said he; "in future I will regard her only as my mother's niece, and more than a cousin she shall never be to me."

Albina having assisted Mrs. Marsden in lamenting over the burnt cake, took off her silk frock, again pinned up her hair, and joined assiduously in preparing another plumb cake to replace the first one. A fatality seemed to attend nearly all the confections, as is often the case when particular importance is attached to their success.

The jelly obstinately refused to clarify, and the blanc-mange was equally unwilling to congeal. The maccaroons having run in baking, had neither shape nor feature, the kisses declined rising, and the sponge-cake contradicted its name. Some of the things succeeded, but most were complete failures; probably because (as old Katy insisted) "there was a spell upon them." In a city these disasters could easily have been remedied, even at the eleventh hour, by sending to a confectioner's shop, but in the country there is no alternative. Some of these mischances might, perhaps, have been attributed to the volunteered assistance of a mantua-maker that had been sent for from the city to make new dresses for the occasion, and who on this busy day, being "one of the best creatures in the world," had declared her willingness to turn her hand to any thing.

It was late in the afternoon before the papering was over, and then great indeed was the bustle in clearing away the litter, cleaning the floors, putting down the carpets, and replacing the furniture. In the midst of the confusion, and while the ladies were earnestly engaged in fixing the ornaments, Drusa came in to say that Dixon, the waiter that had been hired for the evening, had just arrived, and falling to work immediately, he had poured all the blanc-mange down the sink, mistaking it for bonny-clabber.* This intelligence was almost too much to bear, and Mrs. Marsden could scarcely speak for vexation.

"Drusa," said Albina, "you are a raven that has done nothing all day but croak of disaster. Away, and show your face no more, let what will happen."

Drusa departed, but in a few minutes she again put in her head at the parlor door and said—"Ma'am may I jist speak one time more?"

"What now?" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden.

"Oh! there's nothing else spiled or flung down the sink, jist now," said Drusa, "but something's at hand a heap worse than all. Missu's old aunt Quimby has just landed from the boat, and 'is coming up the road with baggage enough to last all summer."

"Aunt Quimby?" exclaimed Albina, "this indeed caps the climax!"

"Was there ever any thing more provoking," said Mrs. Marsden. "When I lived in town she annoyed me sufficiently by coming every week to spend a day with me, and now she does not spend days, but weeks. I would go to Alabama to get rid of her."

"And then," said Albina, she would come and spend *months* with us. However, to do her justice, she is a very respectable woman."

"All bores are respectable people," replied Mrs. Marsden; "if they were otherwise, it would not be in their power to bore us, for we could cut them and cast them off at once. How very unlucky. What will Mrs. Washington Potts think of her!—and the Montagues too, if they *should* come? Still we must not affront her, as you know she is rich."

"What can her riches signify to us?" said Albina, "she has a married daughter."

"True," replied Mrs. Marsden, "but you know riches should always command a certain degree of respect; and there are such things as legacies."

* Thick sour milk.

"After all, according to the common saying, 'tis an ill wind that blows no good;" the parlors having been freshly papered, we can easily persuade Aunt Quimby that they are too damp for her to sit in, and so we can make her stay up stairs all the evening."

At this moment the old lady's voice was heard at the door, discharging the porter who had brought her baggage on his wheelbarrow; and the next minute she was in the front parlor. Mrs. Marsden and Albina were properly astonished, and properly delighted at seeing her; but each, after a pause of recollection, suddenly seized the old lady by the arms and conveyed her into the entry, exclaiming, "Oh! Aunt Quimby! Aunt Quimby! this is no place for you."

"What's the meaning of all this," cried Mrs. Quimby, "why won't you let me stay in the parlor?"

"You'll get your death," answered Mrs. Marsden, "you'll get the rheumatism. Both parlors have been newly papered to-day, and the walls are quite wet."

"That's a bad thing," said Mrs. Quimby, "a very bad thing—I wish you had put off your papering till next spring. Who'd a thought of your doing it this day of all days."

"Oh! Aunt Quimby," said Albina, "why did you not let us know that you were coming?"

"Why I wanted to give you an agreeable surprise," replied the old lady. "But tell me why the rooms are so decked out, with flowers hanging about the looking glasses and lamps, and why the candles are dressed with cut paper, or something that looks like it."

"We are going to have a party to-night," said Albina.

"A party—I'm glad of it. Then I'm just come in the nick of time."

"I thought you had long since given up parties," said Mrs. Marsden, turning pale.

"No indeed—why should I?—I always go when I'm asked—to be sure I can't make much figure at parties now, being in my seventy-fifth year. But Mrs. Howks and Mrs. Himes, and several others of my old friends always invite me to their daughters' parties, along with Mary; and I like to sit there and look about me, and see people's new ways. Mary had a party herself last winter, and it went off very well, only that both the children came out that night with the measles; and one of the lamps leaked, and the oil ran all over the side-board and streamed down on the carpet, and it being the first time we ever had ice-cream in the house, Peter, the stupid black boy, not only brought saucers to eat it in, but cups and saucers both."

"The old lady was now hurried up stairs, and she showed much dissatisfaction on being told that as the damp parlors would certainly give her her death, there was no alternative but for her to remain all the evening in the chamber allotted to her. This chamber—the best furnished in the house—was also to be "the ladies' room," and Albina somewhat consoled Mrs. Quimby by telling her that as the ladies would come up there to take off their hoods and arrange their hair, she would have an opportunity of seeing them all before they went down stairs. And Mrs. Marsden promised to give orders that a

portion of all the refreshments should be carried up to her, and that Miss Mat-on, the mantua-maker, should sit with her a great part of the evening.

It was now time for Albina and her mother to commence dressing, but Mrs. Marsden went down stairs again with "more last words" to the servants, and Albina to make some change in the arrangement of the centre table.

She was in a loose gown, her curls were pinned up, and to keep them close and safe she had tied over her head an old gauze handkerchief. While bending over the centre table, and marking with rose leaves some of the most beautiful of Mrs. Hemans' poems, and opening two or three souvenirs at their finest plates, a knock was heard at the door, which proved to be the baker with the second plumb cake, it having been consigned to his oven. Albina desired him to bring it to her, and putting it on the silver waiter, she determined to divide it herself in to slices, being afraid to trust that business to any one else, lest it should be awkwardly cut or broken to pieces, it being quite warm.

The baker went out leaving the front door open and Albina, intent on her task cutting the cake, did not look up till she heard the sound of footsteps in the parlor, and then what was her dismay on perceiving Mr. and Mrs. Montague and their daughter!

Albina's first impulse was to run away, but she saw that it was now too late; and pale with confusion and vexation, she tried to summon sufficient self-command to enable her to pass off this *contretemps* with something like address.

It was not yet dusk, the sun being scarcely down, and of all the persons invited to the party, it was natural to suppose that the English family would have come the latest.

Mr. Montague was a long-bodied, short-legged man, with round gray eyes that looked as if they had been put on the out-side of his face, the sockets having no apparent concavity; a sort of eye that is rarely seen in an American. He had a long nose, and a large heavy mouth, with projecting under teeth, and altogether an unusual quantity of face, which was bordered round with whiskers, that began at his eyes and met under his chin, and resembled in texture the coarse wiry fur of a black bear. He kept his hat under his arm, and his whole dress seemed modelled from one of the caricature prints of a London dandy.

Mrs. Montague (evidently some years older than her husband) was a gigantic woman, with features that looked as if seen through a magnifying glass. She had heavy piles of yellowish curls, and a crimson velvet toque. Her daughter was a tall hard-faced girl of seventeen, meant for a child by her parents, but not meaning herself as such. She was dressed in a white muslin frock and trowsers, and had a mass of black hair curling on her neck and shoulders.

They all fixed their large eyes directly upon her, and it was no wonder that Albina quailed beneath their glance, or rather their stare, particularly when Mrs. Montague surveyed her through her eye glass. Mr. Montague spoke first. "Your note did not specify the hour—Miss—Miss—Martin," said he, "and as you Americans are early people, we thought we were only complying with the simplicity of republican

manners by coming before dark. We suppose that in general you adhere to the primitive maxim of 'early to bed and early to rise.' I forget the remainder of the rhyme but you know it undoubtedly."

Albina at that moment wished for the presence of Bromley Cheston. She saw from the significant looks that passed between the Montagues, that the unreasonable earliness of this visit did not arise from their ignorance of the customs of American society, but from premeditated impertinence. And she regretted still more having invited them, when Mr. Montague with impudent familiarity walked up to the cake—which she had nicely cut into slices without altering its form—and took one of them out. "Miss Martin," said he, "your cake looks so inviting that I cannot refrain from helping myself to a piece. Mrs. Montague, give me leave to present one to you. Miss Montague, will you try a slice?"

They sat down on the sofa, each with a piece of cake, and Albina saw that they could scarcely refrain from laughing openly, not only at her dishabille, but at her disconcerted countenance.

Just at this moment Drusa appeared at the door, and called out, "Miss Albina, the preserved squinces, are all working. Missus found 'em so when she opened the jar." Albina could bear no more, but hastily darting out of the room, she ran up stairs, almost crying with vexation.

Old Mrs. Quimby was loud in her invectives against Mr. Montague for spoiling the symmetry of the cake, and helping himself and his family so unceremoniously. "You may rely upon it," said she, "a man that will do such a thing in a strange house, is no gentleman."

"On the contrary," observed Mrs. Marsden "I have no doubt that in England these free and easy proceedings are high ton. Albina have you not read some such things in Vivian Grey?"

"I do not believe," said Mrs. Quimby, "that if this Englishman was in his own country, he would dare to go and take other people's cake without leave or license. But he thinks any sort of behaviour good enough for the Yankees, as they call us."

"I care not for the cake," said Albina, "although the pieces must now be put into baskets; I only think of the Montagues walking in without knocking, and catching me in complete dishabille, after I had kept poor Bromley Cheston waiting half an hour this morning rather than he should see me in my pink gingham gown and with my hair in pins."

"As sure as sixpence," remarked Mrs. Quimby, "this last shame has come upon you as a punishment for your pride to your own cousin."

Mrs. Marsden having gone into the adjoining room to dress, Albina remained in this, and placed herself before the glass for the same purpose. "Heigho!" said she, "how pale and jaded I look. What a fatiguing day I have had! I have been on my feet since 5 o'clock this morning, and I feel now more fit to go to bed than to add to my weariness by the task of dressing, and then playing the agreeable for four or five hours. I begin to think that parties—at least such parties as are now in vogue—should only be given by persons who have large houses, large purses, conveniences of every description, and servants enough to do all that is necessary."

"Albina is talking quite sensibly," said Aunt Quimby to Mrs. Marsden, who came in to see if her daughter required her assistance in dressing.

"Pho," said Mrs. Marsden, "think of the eclat of giving a party to Mrs. Washington Potts, and of having the Montagues among the guests."

We shall find the advantage of it when we visit the city again."

"Albina," said Aunt Quimby, "now we are about dressing, just quit a few moments and help me on with my long stays and my new black silk gown, and let me have the glass awhile; I am going to wear my lace cap with the white satin riband. This dark calico gown and plain muslin cap won't do at all to sit here in, before all the ladies that are coming up."

"Oh! no matter replied Albina, who was unwilling to relinquish the glass or to occupy any of her time by assisting her aunt in dressing—which was always a tedious and troublesome business with the old lady—and her mother had now gone down to be ready for the reception of the company, and to pay her compliments to the Montagues. "Oh! no matter said Albina, "your present dress looks perfectly well, and the ladies will be to much engaged with themselves and their own dresses, to remark any thing else. No one will observe whether your gown is calico or silk, and whether your cap is muslin or lace. Elderly ladies are always privileged to wear what is most convenient to them."

Albina put on the new dress that the mantua-maker had made for her. When she had tried it on the preceding evening, Miss Matson declared that "it fitted like wax." She soon found that it was scarcely possible to get it on at all, and that one side of the forebody was larger than the other. Miss Matson was called up, and by dint of the pulling, stretching, and smoothing well known to mantua-makers, and still more by means of her pertinacious assurances that the dress had no fault whatever, Albina was obliged to acknowledge that she *could* wear it, and the redundancy of the large side was pinned down and pinned over. In sticking in her comb she broke it in halves, and it was long before she could arrange her hair to her satisfaction without it. Before she had completed her toilette, several of the ladies arrived and Albina was obliged to snatch up her paraphernalia and make her escape into the next apartment.

At last she was dressed—she went down stairs. The company arrived fast, and the party began.

Bromley Cheston had come early to assist in doing the honors, and as he led Albina to a seat, he saw that in spite of her smiles she looked weary and out of spirits, and he pitied her. "After all," thought he, "there is much that is interesting about Albina Marsden."

The party was *very* select, consisting of the elite of the village and its neighborhood; but still, as is often the case, those whose presence was most desirable had sent excuses, and those who were not wanted, had taken care to come. And Miss Boreham—a young lady who having nothing else to recommend her, had been invited solely on account of the usual elegance of her attire, and whose dress was expected to add prodigiously to the effect of the rooms—came most unaccountably in an old faded frock of last year's fashion,

with her hair quite plain and tucked behind her ears with two side-combs. Could she have had a suspicion of the reason for which she was generally invited, and have therefore perversely determined on a reaction?

The Montagues sat together in a corner, putting up their eye-glasses at every one that entered the room, and criticizing the company in loud whispers to each other; poor Mrs. Marsden endeavoring to catch opportunities of paying her court to them.

About nine o'clock, appeared an immense cap of blonde lace, gauze riband, and flowers; and under the cap was Mrs. Washington Potts, a little thin trifling looking woman, with a whitish freckled face, small sharp features, and flaxen hair. She leaned on the arm of Mr. Washington Potts, who was nothing in company or any where else; and she led by the hand a little boy in a suit of scarlet, braided and frogged with blue; a pale rat-looking child, whose name she pronounced Laughy-yet meaning La Fayette; and who being the youngest scion of the house of Potts, always went to parties with his mother, because he would not stay at home.

Bromley Cheston, on being introduced to Mrs. Washington Potts, was surprised at the insignificance of her figure and face. He had imagined her tall in stature, large in features, loud in voice, and in short the very counterpart to Mrs. Montague. He found her, however, as he had supposed, replete with vanity, pride, ignorance, and folly; to which she added a sickening affectation of sweetness and amiability, and a flimsy pretension to extraordinary powers of conversation founded on a confused assemblage of incorrect and superficial ideas, which she mistook for a general knowledge of every thing in the world.

Mrs. Potts was delighted with the handsome face and figure, and the very genteel appearance of the young lieutenant, and she bestowed upon him a large portion of her talk.

"I hear, sir," said she, "you have been in the Mediterranean Sea. A sweet pretty place is it not?"

"Its shores," replied Cheston, "are certainly very beautiful."

"Yes, I should admire its chalky cliffs vastly," resumed Mrs. Potts, "they are quite poetical you know. Pray, sir, which do you prefer. Byron or Bonaparte? I doat upon Byron; and considering what sweet verses he wrote, 'tis a pity he was a corsair, and a vampyre pirate, and all such horrid things. As for Bonaparte, I never could endure him after I found he had cut off poor old King George's head. Now, when we talk of great men, my husband is altogether for Washington. I laugh, and tell Mr. Potts it's because he and Washington are namesakes. How do you like La Fayette?" (pronouncing the name a la canaille.)

"The man or the name?" enquired Cheston.

"Oh! both to be sure. You see we have called our youngest blossom after him. Come here, La Fayette; stand forward my dear, hold up your head, and make a bow to the gentleman."

"I won't," screamed La Fayette, "I'll never make a bow when you tell me."

"Something of the spirit of his ancestors," said Mrs. Potts, affectedly smiling at Cheston, and patting the urchin on the head.

"His ancestors!" thought Cheston. "Who could they possibly have been?"

Perhaps the dear fellow may be a little, a very little spoiled," pursued Mrs. Potts. "But to make a comparison in the marine line, (quite in your way, you know,) it is as natural for a mother's heart to turn to her youngest darling as it is for the needle to point to the longitude. Now we talk about longitude, have you read Cooper's last novel by the author of the Spy? It's a sweet book—Cooper is one of my pets. I saw him in dear delightful Paris. Are you musical, Mr. Cheston?—But of course you are. Our whole aristocracy is musical now. How do you like Paganini? You must have heard him in Europe. It's a very expensive thing to hear Paganini.—Poor man! he is quite ghastly with his own playing. Well as you have been in the Mediterranean, which do you prefer, the Greeks or the Poles?"

"The Poles, decidedly," answered Cheston, "from what I have heard of them and seen of the Greeks."

"Well, for my part," resumed Mrs. Potts, "I confess I like the Greeks; as I have always been rather classical. They are so Grecian. Think of their beautiful statues and paintings by Rubens and Reynolds. Are you fond of paintings. At my house in the city, I can show you some very fine ones."

"By what artists?" asked Cheston.

"Oh! by my daughter Harriet. She did them at drawing-school with theorems. They are beautiful flower-pieces, all framed and hung up; they are almost worthy of Sir Benjamin West."*

In this manner Mrs. Potts ran on till the entrance of tea, and Cheston took that opportunity of escaping from her; while she imagined him deeply imbued with admiration of her fluency, vivacity, and information. But in reality, he was thinking of the strange depravity of taste that is sometimes found even in intelligent minds; for in no other way could he account for Albina's predilection for Mrs. Washington Potts. "And yet," thought he, "is a young and inexperienced girl more blameable for her blindness in friendship (or what she imagined to be friendship,) than an acute, sensible, talented man for his blindness in love? The master-spirits of the earth have almost proverbially married women of weak intellect, and almost as proverbially the children of such marriages resemble the mother rather than the father. A just punishment for choosing so absurdly. Albina, I must know you better."

The party went on, much as parties generally do where there are four or five guests that are supposed to rank above all the others. The patricians evidently despised the plebeians, and the plebeians were offended at being despised; for in no American assemblage is any real inferiority of rank ever felt or acknowledged. There was a general dullness, and a general restraint. Little was done, and little was said. La Fayette wandered about in every body's way; having been kept wide awake all the evening by two cups of strong coffee, which his mother allowed him to take because he would have them.

* The author takes this occasion to remark that the illustrious artist to whom so many of his countrymen erroneously give the title of Sir Benjamin West never in reality had the compliment of knighthood conferred on him. He lived and died Mr. West, as is well known to all who have any acquaintance with pictures and painters.

There was always a group round the centre table, listlessly turning over the souvenirs, albums, &c. and picking at the flowers; and La Fayette ate plumb-cake over Cheston's beautiful drawings.

Albina played an Italian song extremely well, but the Montagues exchanged glances at her music; and Mrs. Potts, to follow suit, hid her face behind her fan and simpered; through in truth she did not in reality know Italian from French, or a semibreve from a semiquaver. All this was a great annoyance to Cheston. At Albina's request, he led Miss Montague to the piano. She ran her fingers over the instrument as if to try it; gave a shudder, and declared it most shockingly out of tune, and then rose in horror from the music stool. This much surprised Mrs. Marsden, as a musician had been brought from the city only the day before for the express purpose of tuning this very instrument.

"No," whispered Miss Montague, as she resumed her seat beside her mother, "I will not condescend to play before people who are incapable of understanding my style."

At this juncture (to the great consternation of Mrs. Marsden and her daughter) who should make her appearance but Aunt Quimby, in the calico gown which Albina now regretted having persuaded her to keep on. The old lady was wrapped in a small shawl and two large ones, and her head was secured from cold by a black silk handkerchief tied over her cap and under her chin.—She smiled and nodded all round to the company, and said—"How do you do, good people; I hope you are all enjoying yourselves. I thought I *must* come down and have a peep at you. For after I had seen all the ladies take off their hoods, and had my tea, I found it pretty dull work sitting up stairs with the mantua-maker, who had no more manners than to fall asleep while I was talking."

Mrs. Marsden, much discomfited, led Aunt Quimby to a chair between two matrons who were among "the unavoidably invited," and whose pretensions to refinement were not very palpable. But the old lady had no idea of remaining stationary all the evening between Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Jackson. She wisely thought "she could see more of the party," if she frequently changed her place, and being of what is called a sociable disposition, she never hesitated to talk to any one that was near her, however high or however low.

"Dear mother," said Albina in an under voice, "what can be the reason that every one in tasting the ice-cream, immediately sets it aside as if it was not fit to eat. I am sure every thing is in it that ought to be."

"And something more than ought to be," replied Mrs. Marsden, after trying a spoonful—"the salt that was laid round the freezer has got into the cream, (I suppose by Dixon's carelessness,) and it is *not* fit to eat."

"And now," said Albina starting, "I will show you a far worse mortification than the failure of the ice-cream. Only look—there sits Aunt Quimby between Mrs. Montague and Mrs. Washington Potts."

"How in the world did she get there?" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden. "I dare say she walked

up, and asked them to make room for her between them. There is nothing now to be done but to pass her off as well as we can, and to make the best of her. I will manage to get as near as possible, that I may hear what she is talking about, and take an opportunity of persuading her away."

[Concluded in our next.]

BIOGRAPHY.

THOMAS MIFFLIN.

THOMAS MIFFLIN, a major-general in the American army during the revolution war, and governor of Pennsylvania, was born in the year 1744, of parents who were Quakers. His education was entrusted to the care of the Rev. Dr. Smith, with whom he was connected in habits of cordial intimacy and friendship, for more than forty years. Active and zealous, he engaged early in opposition to the measures of the British parliament. He was a member of the first congress in 1774. He took arms, and was among the first officers commissioned on the organization of the continental army, being appointed quarter-master general in August, 1765. For this offence he was read out of the society of Quakers. In 1777, he was very useful in animating the militia, and enkindling the spirit, which seemed to have been damped. His sanguine disposition and his activity, rendered him insensible to the value of that coolness and caution, which were essential to the preservation of such an army, as was then under the command of General Washington. In 1787, he was a member of the convention, which framed the constitution of the United States, and his name is affixed to that instrument. In October, 1788, he succeeded Franklin as president of the supreme executive council of Pennsylvania, in which station he continued till October, 1790. In September a constitution for this state was formed by a convention, in which he presided, and he was chosen the first governor. In 1794, during the insurrection in Pennsylvania, he employed, to the advantage of his country, the extraordinary powers of eloquence, with which he was endowed. The imperfection of the militia laws was compensated by his eloquence. He made a circuit through the lower counties, and, at different places, publicly addressed the militia on the crisis in the affairs of their country, and through his animating exhortations, the state furnished the quota required. He was succeeded in the office of governor by Mr. M'Kean, at the close of the year 1799, and he died at Lancaster, January 20, 1800, in the 57th year of his age. He was an active and zealous patriot, who had devoted much of his life to the public service.

MISCELLANY.

THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.

It is a matter of high moment to the young American gentleman to reflect, as he shapes his character for life, on the model by which he would be moulded to future distinction. The republican form of our government, the omnipotence of public opinion in this country of free, unshackled mind, and the high destinies allotted to the elder republic of the western continent, impose peculiar rules of formation on the rising pillars of Ameri-

can empire. The scholar, the jurist, the statesman, the artist, the mechanic or the cultivator of the eastern continent, may not be the models for those of the new world—a world happily disintrahed and aloof from the despotism of hoary error, the accumulations of many centuries of ignorance and encroachment on social rights.

The young American must make *religion* the foundation of his character—for here, as to a refuge, the persecuted servants of God came when the green curtain of the wilderness covered the continent, and their prayers hallowed all the soil and dedicated their unborn posterity to a holier cause than that of earth. The young American should be generous—for here, as to an asylum from cruelty and the whirlpool of revolution, thousands have come, and millions must come as the old continents break up under the hammer of convulsion and melt down under the purifying fires of judgment, to a purer and holier type. He must be patient and persevering—for those who have ever breathed the tainted atmosphere of monarchy and hereditary power cannot in a moment be made to understand the nature and the full extent of our national freedom; the lessons of Washington to a young nation are often to be repeated. He must be brave—for too much has been entrusted to him to be in the keeping of a coward. To him has been committed the world's last experiment for liberty—to him belongs the helm of the republican vessel, if his skill and patriotic virtues prove him worthy to guide the ship of state through seas of passion and under the adverse storms of external war. He must be energetic—for the men of America are self made men, and gather no honor from birth but the broad, proud honor of citizenship in a country where not a lord nor a lording, as such, can throw contempt over their plebeian origin.

A SECRET.

MR. JONES, in the Life of Bishop Horne, speaking of Dr. Hinchcliffe, Bishop of Peterborough, says, that in the pulpit he "spoke with the accent of a man of sense (such as he really was in a superior degree;) but it was remarkable, and to those who did not know the cause, mysterious, that there was not a corner of the church in which he could not be heard distinctly." The reason which Mr. Jones assigns was, that he made it an invariable rule, "to do justice to every consonant, knowing that the vowels will be sure to speak for themselves. And thus he became the surest and clearest of speakers; his elocution was perfect, and never disappointed his audience."

INGENIOUS SPY.

It was customary with Marshal Bassompierre, when any of his soldiers were brought before him for heinous offences, to say to them, "Brother, you or I will certainly be hanged;" which was a sufficient denunciation of their fate. A spy who was discovered in his camp, was addressed in this language; and next day, as the wretch was about to be led to the gallows, he pressed earnestly to speak with the marshal, alleging that he had somewhat of importance to communicate. The marshal being made acquainted

with his request, said, in a rough manner, "It is always the way of these rascals; they pretend some frivolous story, merely to relieve themselves for a few moments; however, bring the dog hither." Being introduced, the marshal asked him what he had to say? "Why, my lord," said the culprit, "when I first had the honor of your conversation, you were pleased to say, that either you or I should be hanged; now I am come to know whether it is your pleasure to be so, because, if you won't, I must; that's all." The marshal was so pleased with the fellow's humor, that he ordered him to be set at liberty.

WHIMSICAL CONTRIBUTION.

A BENEVOLENT Quaker was lately applied to by a gentleman, one of the society of Wesleyans, for the purpose of soliciting a subscription towards enabling them to complete a new chapel, built upon the site of an old one, but which could not be finished, for want of funds. Obadiah heard him very attentively; at length breaking silence with a deep groan, he began thus: "I tell thee what, friend, my purse is always open to succor the distressed, and to do good to all our own sect; but friend, my religion, thou knowest, differs from thine; we do not think thee right, and it is against our religion to help others to build up chapels;—therefore, friend thou seest I cannot assist thee." The Methodist was about departing, and was nearly out of the room, when the Quaker called him back, "Hark'e, friend, how much hast thou laid out?" The Methodist replied, "Sixteen hundred pounds." "And how much more dost thou want to complete it?" "About fourteen hundred more." "Well, friend," said the Quaker, "here is one hundred pounds to defray the expenses of pulling down the old chapel."

CONCORD.—"I wonder," said a woman of humor, "why my husband and I quarrel so often, for we agree uniformly in one grand point; he wishes to be master and so do I."

"How many genders are there?" asked a school master.

"Three, sir," promptly replied little blue eyes.

"What are they called?"

"Masculine, feminine and neuter."

"Pray give me an example of each," said the Master.

"Why, you are masculine, because you are a man, and I am feminine, because I'm a girl!"

"Very well—proceed."

"I don't know," said the little girl "but I reckon Mr. Jenkins is neuter, as he's an Old Bachelor!"

Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1841.

"MRS. WASHINGTON POTTS."

WE present our readers to-day, with the much admired Prize Tale, of "Mrs. Washington Potts." It was written some years since for the "Lady's Book," by the highly talented Miss LESLIE. We have frequently been solicited to publish it before, but neglected to do so, until it appeared in some of

our exchange papers, and we then concluded that it had been seen by many of our readers. But since the publication of "Mr. Smith," by the same authoress, in the "Lady's Book" of 1840, we have been requested by many of our subscribers to publish "Mrs. Washington Potts," and the sequel, "Mr. Smith," as Aunt Quimby is a distinguished character, in both. We flatter ourselves that it will be highly acceptable to all our readers.

A HINT.

WE are very grateful to our Correspondents for original matter, but for selected pieces we would as soon choose for ourselves. If, however, any of our readers should desire a piece to be inserted in our paper for preservation, we shall always cheerfully accede to such a request. But we do not like to have selected pieces sent to us as original, and when we detect it we shall always expose it, lest we render ourselves obnoxious to the charge, "the receiver is as bad as the thief." In the 18th number we inserted a piece unguardedly, called "The Village Church," and bearing the signature S. S. C. Now as we would "render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's," we must inform our readers, that that beautiful piece is from the pen of the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, and that S. S. C. is only entitled to the credit of having copied it.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

S. M. D. Hillsdale, N. Y. \$1.00; S. E. R. Windham Centre, N. Y. \$1.00; A. E. R. Northeast, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Newark, N. Y. \$2.00; C. E. J. Southport, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Fort Ann, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Stowe, Vt. \$2.00; J. G. S. North Wardsboro', Vt. \$1.00; W. P. Sterling, Ct. \$1.00; J. M. T. Westfield, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Siloam, N. Y. \$5.00; C. B. Rushford, N. Y. \$5.00; E. V. A. Newark, N. J. \$0.87½; H. C. D. Hanover, N. H. \$3.00; G. L. M. Windham, N. Y. \$1.00; C. B. Troy, N. Y. \$3.00; B. W. W. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; S. N. Guilford, N. Y. \$1.00; W. D. Freetown Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; E. T. S. Mount Yonah, Ga. \$1.00; E. W. G. Scienceville, N. Y. \$1.00; H. T. C. Caseville, N. Y. \$3.00; G. G. B. Bainbridge, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. Bulville, N. Y. \$1.00; A. F. Little Falls, N. Y. \$0.87½; A. R. Chestertown, N. Y. \$1.00; L. P. P. Passumpsic, Vt. \$1.00; T. P. jr. Waddington, N. Y. \$1.00; C. & B. Windsor, Ms. \$1.00; W. P. W. West Farms, N. Y. \$2.00; F. H. S. Wellsboro', Pa. \$1.00; M. L. Central Square, N. Y. \$1.00; C. L. Acra, N. Y. \$2.00.

Notice to Subscribers.

POST MASTERS are authorized by the Post Master General, to send money for any person in a letter to pay the subscription for a paper, free of expense.

Married.

In Hillsdale, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. H. Treadwell, Mr. William H. Burdwin, of Hudson, to Miss Harriet Osborn, of the former place.

In Ghent, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. P. S. Wynkoop, Mr. Westley B. Wager, son of the Rev. David Wager, to Miss Maria Kittle, second daughter of John I. Kittle, Esq. all of the same place.

In Claverack, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. R. Shuyter, Mr. William H. Drum to Miss Mary Tator, daughter of Henry Tator, Esq. all of the above place.

At the same time and place, and by the same, Mr. Thomas Jackson, to Miss Sally Ann Taylor, all of Claverack.

At the same place, on the 27th ult. by the same, Mr. William Bristor to Miss Harriet Rounds, both of Hudson.

In Troy, on the 16th ult. by the Rev. N. S. S. Beman, Mr. William H. S. Winans to Miss Ursula A. E. Ayres, eldest daughter of the late Daniel Ayres, all of that place.

At Lee, Mass. on the 18th ult. by the Rev. Wm. McKendree Bangs, of Lenox, the Rev. Warren Little, of Lenox, to Miss Sarah Eliza Landers, of Lee.

In Boston, on the 14th January, by the Rev. E. S. Gannett, Lucius Cook, M. D. of Wendell, Mass. to Miss Fidelia Hayward, of the former place.

Died.

In this city, on the 24th ult. Sarah F. daughter of Abijah C. and Sarah F. Stevens, aged 1 year.

In Kinderhook, on the 17th ult. Miss Maria Van Alen, daughter of John L. Van Alen.

In Troy, on the 26th ult. at the residence of her son-in-law, Alexander Snyder, Mrs. Bethiah Starbuck, in the 69th year of her age.

At Brooklyn, on the 27th ult. Caroline Rebecca, only daughter of George and Mary E. Clark, in her 1st year.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.
TO MY BROTHER.

BY MRS. C. E. DICKERMAN.

I miss them all, the joyous tones
That cheered my childhood's home,
The laughter free, the merry shout,
The hope of joy to come.
The hope of joy, unmixed with fear
That bliss should ever die,
Ah! these were ours, and then the tear
Of sorrow, came not nigh.

I miss them all; the kindly ones,
That greeted my young hours,
That made this world, a heaven to me,
All decked with golden flowers.
Aye! flowers of beauty, and of love;
Shining in truth's array—
Oh! angel flowers, that bloom above,
Full quick ye pass away!

Ye pass, and leave the bursting heart
All desolate and lone,
But oh! ye give to mortal love,
A higher, heavenly tone.
Ye bid us look above, for peace,
For bliss, that never dies,
And the bright blessings that are ours,
Ye bid us, duly prize.

March 1, 1841.

For the Rural Repository.
WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

BY CARLOS D. STUART.

BLANK as this book, is woman's heart
Ere time has soiled its pages fair;
But when once made 'tis hard to part
With the impressions graven there.

How careful then my friend should be,
What forms are on that heart impressed;
So it may from each vice be free—
And with each smiling virtue blest.

For dreams of youth must pass away
And older years come rushing on;
Then with a spotless heart, you may
But triumph o'er the time that's gone.

And if among those graven things,
You find a spot though small it be;
Where no old fonder memory clings
Insert my name, and think of me.

Fort Ann, Feb. 1841.

For the Rural Repository.
POPULARITY.

BY A. W. HOLDEN.

HE who would attain to the high meed of fame,
To the merit of worth, and the prize of a name,
Must needs fawn and flatter, must bow and must
scrape,
From the judge on the bench, to the vender of tape;
He must join with each one in his separate view,
And eat pork with the Gentile and beef with the Jew.
To the base, sordid spirit whose soul has been sold,
For a heart-case of silver and brain-pan of gold,

He must laugh when he's merry, when sober look
grave,
When his note is presented must submit to a shave,
And must pay him due deference because he has got,
A trifle of cash which perchance he has not.

To those who are known as the learned and wise,
He must wrinkle his forehead, and roll up his eyes;
He must suffer the bore of a learned discourse,
Till the worthy professor has talked himself hoarse,
Then tell his tormentor that he will be bound,
If he e'er heard a lecture one half as profound.

And the Ladies, dear creatures, to them he must sing,
Of angels and seraphs and that sort of thing;
With his hand on his heart and his knees on the
floor,
Declare they're bewitching entrancing, and more—
He must tell their mammas what a pity it is,
That the envious fates wont let them be his.

He must seek for the favor of rich and of poor,
Of the vain, babbling pedant and ignorant boor,
He must court the good will of the selfish and great,
With the unction of praise each bosom inflate;
Then, if he reaches after the wreath of renown,
Ten chances to one they will all knock him down.

Glen's Falls, 1841.

For the Rural Repository.

LINES,

On a Picture of the Infant Napoleon.

AN infant! hush, 'tis sweetly laid
Beneath the curtain's crimson shade;
Oh, lightly move, with feathery tread
About this little stranger's bed.
Wake not that dove-like eye to flash
Beneath the long and shadowy lash;
Its dreams are from the world above
Of peace, and purity, and love.

Napoleon! no loftier name
Has swelled the trumpet tones of Fame,
For Europe's proudest empires shook
Beneath his stern and kingly look:
His myriads were to battle hurled
And left—a desolated world.
"Of Heaven in power, he was a feature!"
Of Earth he was a noble creature!"

Yet, gazer! wouldst thou choose to be
Napoleon in his infancy—
The babe of guileless smiles and tears?
Or the proud man of after years,
The firm in heart and strong in hand,
The Hero of—St. Helen's land?
*Honor and Fame to Earth are given,
But Love and Innocence to Heaven.*

FIDELIA.

For the Rural Repository.

TAKE, OH TAKE ME HOME!

I am not ill! and yet I feel throughout
My frame a weariness, a weight sinking
Me down. I cannot shake it off, or turn
My thoughts to gladness. I am not ill, but
Oh my heart is sick; it is wearied
With the burden of sad, desolate thoughts,
And faints for the sound of home voices dear.
Let me, oh let me hear again the tones
That soothed my infancy; oh let me
Meet the kindly glance of pure affection
Lighting up a sister's eyes! oh let me
Gaze upon their sunny faces, and feel
I'm not alone on earth's wide space, without
One link to bind me to my fellows, and
I'll be happy. I sicken 'neath the stern
Cold glance of strangers; and like a plant

Transplanted, fade and droop, and wither in
This foreign soil. Oh! bear me to my home
And let me feel and breathe its sweetness, here—
Here I cannot live. Thus prisoned, and
Shut out from all the dear companionship
Of home, here I must die, or worse far worse,
My heart denied its natural fount
Of sustenance, will turn and feed upon
Itself, and thus grow callous. Make not my
Life a burden, and existence hateful
To me. Turn not my heart into a well
Of poisoned feeling, and bid me drink
Therefrom; I can bear that death should make me
Desolate and lone, but not that absence
Should chill the kindest feelings of my
Nature, and strip life of its verdure. Who
Would live without affection? It gives to
Youth its freshness and beauty, to manhood
Its strength, to old age its sacredness. It
Is a blessed fount, from which all who live
Must drink, or perish. The heart cannot live
Alone, then take me hence, I'm weary, sick,
And faint. Heart, soul, and sense are taxed
Beyond their strength, and soon must fail. Oh none
Who have not felt, can tell the yearnings of
The weary spirit, pining for home and
Those beloved; to feel in our impatient
Longing, as if the springs of Time stood still.
Then bear me hence, give me to look once more
Upon my home, where passed the careless
Days of my young girlhood's happiness, and
Let me be at rest—my heart is ever
There. Time, grief, or absence, does not cloud the
Memory of its beauty. No, no, they
Do but add another charm to the sweet
Memories clinging round it. Oh bear me
To my home, if but to die. Methinks, I
Could more calmly yield my spirit up, if
I might fix my dying eyes upon the
Scenes I loved so well while living, and
Hear the sound of voices, whose cadences
Have ever found an answering tone within
My breast. Take me, in mercy take me hence,
While yet I live; or yet, if my poor tears
And prayers are still unheeded, if death
Must find me here, take me, still take me hence,
And lay me in the still lone resting place
Where those I've loved do sleep, and let me
There find rest and quiet, for here, my spirit
Would not be at peace.

Hudson, Feb. 21, 1841.

J. K.

Books Cheap!!!

THE Bookstore of the late Ashbel Stoddard will be open for a week or ten days, between the hours of 1 and 5 P. M. for the purpose of selling off the Books that remain on hand—among which are Blank Books, such as Ledgers, Day Books, &c. Spelling Books, Olney and Smith's Geographies, Hymn Books, Testaments, and a great variety of Toy Books, besides a quantity of old Miscellaneous works. Also Writing and Letter Paper by the Ream or Quire, a few Quills, Pencils, Pocket Books, Prints, Card Cases, Sealing Wax, Ballads, &c. The above articles will be sold Cheap! Miscellaneous Works very Cheap!!

RURAL REPOSITORY.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY
WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

It is printed in the Quarto form, embellished with Engravings, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR per annum, invariably in advance. Any person who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either the 11th, 12th, 13th or 16th volumes, or thirteen copies of the present volume.

NO Subscriptions received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers, unless otherwise ordered. All Communications must be post paid.

POST MASTERS generally will receive and forward subscriptions, free of expense, for this paper.